The Sketch

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THE PRINCESS IN FULL EVENING DRESS.

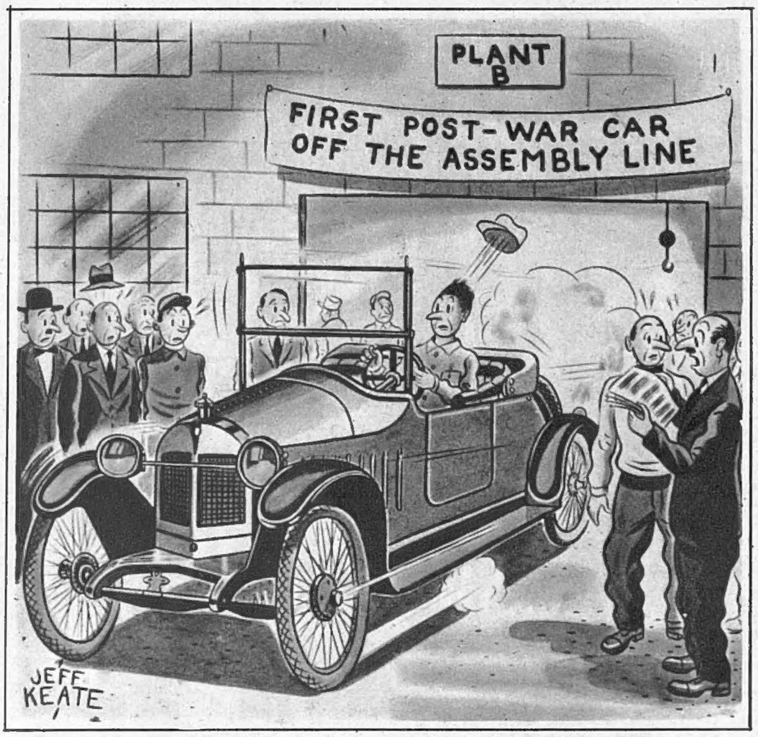
This new Cecil Beaton portrait of H.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH *shows her wearing full evening dress, a sparkling model in net embroidered with sequins, and made with little puff sleeves. In common with other young girls in the country, H.R.H. is now able to enjoy more social pleasures than were possible in the austere years of war work and discipline. She has been to a number of theatres in London and attended the coming-out dance given the other night by Sir Michael Duff for his niece, Miss Robina Tennant. Other photographs of the Princess and of Princess Margaret appear elsewhere in this issue.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY CECIL BEATON.

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

The Old Belt. Another pull at the old belt! I thought we had got it up to the last hole, but you can always punch another hole—and indeed that is what you have to do, anyhow, with most straps and belts that I have ever known. It isn't really much consolation to know, or even to see, that some of the pampered youth are now munching bananas. Bananas, unless in quantities which are not likely to be vouchsafed to us, will not expand the belt to the girth which the profession approves. You can't make pancakes of bananas, and you can't even make fritters of them on a reduced ration of cooking-fat. Nor do I derive much comfort from the fact that Holland may send us a million oysters. You can't scramble oysters. It all comes back to the dried egg, that atomic bomb of the kitchen front.



"Good Lord, Tilney! You gave them our reconversion plans for World War I.!" [DRAWN BY JEFF KEATE.]

Woe for Wives. Let this be a lesson to us. Let us learn in future to be truly thankful for what we have received. We have ere now cursed those pulverised eggs; we have groaned at them, and even left them untasted on our plates. We have said bitter things about bilious blots masquerading as scrambled eggs, and many a Girl Wife, struggling against adversity, has shed secret tears over the sarcasms of a heartless husband. In clubs and places where they eat, curses not loud but deep have gone up about "omelette again to-day!" And now we know, to our shame, how ungrateful we have been. Now we realise that this was gold-dust, and its sudden disappearance means bankruptcy throughout the whole world of womanhood. Briefly stated, the sentence is—no puddings. Not even those grim, mystic poultices which we had learned to accept as puddings. So low have we fallen, that we yearn even for the "nice rice pudding" which has been such a sore subject from childhood upwards. But there is no rice. Ah, well, there is always semolina! Or is there? Probably not.

Breaking the News. Nobody is going to blame a Government for world shortages, famines, droughts, crop-failures and other little incidents in the general conspiracy of peace. A conspiracy it seems to be; even the whales take advantage of winter tempests to deny us life-giving oil, and ground-nuts in India join the world-movement and engage in a sit-down strike. No, we shall not be unreasonable enough to blame Sir Ben, or any other individual, for all this; but surely there has been some miscalculation and some clumsiness somewhere. You and I have long, if reluctant, acquaintance with dried eggs, but I think we hardly realised what they meant to our wives. But those teeming officials of the Ministry of Food ought to have realised. That is what we pay them for. And as they have at their command whole legions of publicity men, who go by a number of impressive titles and who have ceaselessly exercised their magic arts on us throughout the war, the harassed housewives have some reason to complain that the news might have been broken a little more gently.

Balanced Diet. However, a war, and now a peace, have taught us to "take it," and we shall watch with sympathy and interest the efforts of the King's horses and the King's men to repair a dehydrated Humpty Dumpty. But the saddest thing about this egg crisis is the appalling suggestions to which it has given rise among evilly-disposed persons. It is said, for example, that we ought to have less tobacco and more egg-dust. The suggestion, of course, comes from non-smokers, who do not realise that man can live without suet, but not without soot. You will find that great truth illustrated anywhere on the Continent to-day. I do not feel so strongly about the proposal that we might reduce our diet of celluloid. I think celluloid a very necessary ingredient in the national diet, but if we could have more of the British and less of the Hollywood variety, I, for one, should find my ration of celluloid more digestible.

Sweets to the Sour. What we really *must* have—and I am surprised that nobody has said so in Parliament—is an immediate

Not tough, enough! [DRAWN BY SILENUS.]

increase in the lollypop issue. Only in this way shall we be able to deal with the problems of peace, including the crime wave. A periodical in the Antipodes informs us that a great deal of sin and suffering is due simply to lack of sugar in the blood. "In cases of depressed sugar level, people occasionally develop, among other symptoms, a rude and boorish manner. They jostle and push people aside on the street without apologising." As the sugar-hunger grows, these imperfect manners become more intense, until mere jostling and pushing and bumping and boring become slugging, croaking and bumping-off. "These symptoms disappear when the sugar level is raised by eating a piece of candy." We need to spread sweetness as well as light. A pocketful of bull's-eyes will do more to reform society than any amount of penal servitude. When heavily trodden on in a crowd by one of those centre-forward bumpers and borers, don't remonstrate with him, but just say, "Have a peppermint cream, old chap." It will work wonders.

"Look, darling! Smashing, isn't it?"

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

A Time and a Plaice for Everything.

I appeal to the Government, too, for a special free issue of sweets—preferably of the all-day-sucker type—at all shopping queues. It would brighten the lives of millions. It would prevent this sort of thing, which I extract from a deeply-moving letter in a morning paper: "Can you blame the lady who picked up a plaice and slapped the fishmonger across the face with it?" It is not for me to cast the first fish, but this behaviour seems to me to be deprecated, even though the provocation was extreme; for it seems that the wicked fishmonger was seen to be selling skate under the counter to privileged customers. I have heard of a slap with a wet fish, but it is not usually in the face—it is in another region, where it takes the breath away rather abruptly. Girls will be girls, but if we once have face-slapping with plaices, we shall soon get other kinds of violence with whole, heavy cods, and the casualties may be serious. A few chocolate-creams or liquorice all-sorts might save all this unpleasantness. Since so many other things are hard-boiled nowadays, why not sweets?

"I got on so well with my husband all through the war. He was away."

DRAWN BY BEAUCHAMP.

Naughty Temper.

Again, I advocate a liberal distribution of caramels at U.N.O. I suggest caramels because they might make the speeches shorter; indeed, for dentured delegates, who are probably numerous, they might prevent the speeches altogether. And they would certainly induce a mood of sweet reasonableness which, if I read my newspapers aright, has been somewhat lacking from time to time. Tempers undoubtedly do tend to get a little short nowadays—which is, perhaps, not surprising when so many things are short. Why, the other day I read that a certain amount of heat had been generated at the chess table! I had always thought of these great chess masters as men so far above earthly passions as to be scarcely human. Men have been known to show an intolerant spirit towards their partners at bridge, even to the length of throwing packs of cards, ash-trays or scorers at them. But at chess the situation is different, and, to me, one of the least attractive features of that austere game is that you have no partner to blame when you do something foolish. If, after an injudicious move, players were to begin hurling rooks and knights at each other, an already complicated game would become almost too complicated. A little coconut ice would avert this danger.

The Great Human Film.

To revert to U.N.O., barking and biting are all the more unfortunate because, since at the Central Hall every prospect pleases, it seems to follow that only man is vile! Though I have not seen it, I gather from photographs that the "set" for U.N.O. is as impressive as if it had been

[Continued overleaf.

The one-hundred-and-thirty-fifth of our SERIES OF PLATES IN FULL COLOUR *published in this issue of* "*The Sketch*" *is by* DAVID WRIGHT.

born in Hollywood. And, indeed, I seem to detect a good deal of Hollywood in most international arrangements nowadays. The San Francisco Conference, by all accounts, was as lavishly

Demobbed Service men are issued with their "civvies" . . . . . . but Service women may purchase theirs, thus enjoying a wider choice.

"mounted" as a supreme effort of Glorious Technicolor. The Nuremberg tribunal conducts its solemn processes in a flood of arc-lights and amid a forest of gadgets; those who have seen it tell me that one is irresistibly reminded all the time—I refer, of course, only to the appearance, not the substance—of an elaborate "sequence" by Mr. Orson Welles. I suppose there is no reason why solemn occasions should not be "well produced"; and yet one wonders whether a little more simplicity would not conduce to a truer dignity. It was when the Banished Duke referred to "This wide and universal theatre" that Jaques came back with his "All the world's a stage." That seems to be the motto now, with a new interpretation, in this global age.

Faintly Pursuing.

Frankly, U.N.O.-and-all-that are becoming a bit of a headache to me, chiefly because I *suppose* it is my duty as a citizen to follow all its deliberation. But unfortunately there are so many other things to follow nowadays that I find myself laps behind them all. Every day my paper leaves my mind in a state of blur—the prevailing epidemic may be partly responsible—and although there is a great demand for more newsprint, and I, as a journalist, ought to support it, I cannot help being secretly thankful that there are not more columns to read and pages to scan. Even a superficial understanding of the legislation which pours upon us is a whole-time job; it is tough enough for the legislators themselves, but how John Citizen is expected to understand the laws which his representatives are making for him I cannot even guess. Others seem to be puzzled too, for I read a good deal about plans for "telling the citizen."

Full and Plenty.

The idea is that we should all have easy access, at small cost, to an unlimited wealth of explanatory White Papers, reports, pamphlets, and other fascinating literature. Then, of course, we should all take in Hansard and study it day by day, if we want to know what is *really* happening in the great world. We must also maintain an intelligent acquaintance with political developments in Greece, Indonesia, Yugoslavia, Syria, the Lebanon, Persia—not to mention the weekly changes of government in France and most other countries. Obviously, we ought to know all about Bretton Woods and the general economic, fiscal and monetary trends of the world. We ought to follow closely the doings in Congress, and it would not do us any harm to know what is happening in different parts of our own Empire. What with one thing and another, we seem to have a good deal on our plates. We may or may not have a good appetite for it, but it's a question of time masticating it all. Bolted, it leads to indigestion; and I fear there is a temptation to leave a good deal of it for the cat.

"When he asks you for a rise just you refuse to be intimidated." [DRAWN BY STARKE.]

"The Sketch" merry-go-round this week provides a Combined Effort, blended to suit all tastes, and including the Navy, Army and Royal Air Force. The caricatured personalities form part of the Operational and Liaison section of a special Command Headquarters, within a stone's throw of Whitehall. [CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.]

You Lucky People!

Not all of us, however, are pressed for time in this matter, but have ample leisure to keep abreast of current affairs. It is said that there are some 80,000 temporary Civil Servants who find time hanging so heavily on their hands, that they are doing their best to get the sack and take up jobs which are waiting for them and where they might be really useful. But they are "indispensable." One clerk of twenty-two states that in her Department during the last year she has written a play (a farce, I presume?) and part of a novel and has knitted more than Penelope ever wove. Her average working time has been about an hour a day. If *she* doesn't know all about home and foreign affairs, I fear there is no excuse for her.

Wonderful World.

Late night final from the Wonderful World: Hiroshima was hit by an atomic bomb in August, 1945. Last week a hen laid an egg in the ruins. Mother-love conquers all!

Only One?

I see headlines: "DON JUAN IN LONDON." What, only one of him? I thought there were lots.

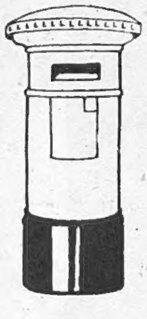
GO ON SAVING PAPER: IT IS STILL ESSENTIAL.

GRACIOUS AND BELOVED QUEEN MARY.

HER MAJESTY QUEEN MARY, *mother of H.M. the King, was, of necessity, absent from London during the war, and her return to Marlborough House and the fact that she is once again taking an active part in the life of the capital are welcomed by every Londoner. Her Majesty was present at the Buckingham Palace reception for U.N.O. delegates, and her recent engagements include visits to the Empire to see the Swiss film, " The Last Chance," to the R.B.A. Galleries in Suffolk Street to view the Navy League's Naval Art Exhibition, and so forth. She arranged to attend the Albert Hall on Friday last, February 15, for the concert in aid of the Lord Mayor's Fund for the Union Jack Club, Waterloo Road, at which the Swedish prima donna, Mme. Hjordis Schymberg, and M. Ansermet, the Swiss conductor, were to appear. Queen Mary, who is in her seventy-ninth year, enjoys excellent health, and is as interested as ever in all sides of public life, work and endeavour as well as in works of art.*

Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.



MY DEAR ROBERT—The crocuses are up in our garden and the birds have begun practising their songs. All this would be delicious if one didn't feel that Nature had a Buchan Cold Spell up her sleeve for us, which she will produce, like a rabbit out of a hat, just when we are congratulating ourselves that winter is over.

It was so warm a few days ago that Faith brought Little No-well and Augustus up to our garden for the morning. Little No-well played happily, as she always does, Augustus slept peacefully and exquisitely in his perambulator, and I left my household duties to join Faith on the garden seat.

Soon afterwards Lady B. came up the garden-path and joined us. "Well," she said, sinking down on to the seat beside us, "this is the sort of day which makes you feel better about the fats and the American Loan."

"And the dried eggs, and the Wash not coming back," said Faith.

"The Fruits of Victory are not overwhelming at the moment," said Lady B., "but Spring is coming."

"How jolly you all look!" cried Mrs. Whinebite, peeping over the garden gate. "May I come in?"

"Why, yes, Mrs. Whinebite," we said politely, while turning on each other eyes wide with dismay.

"'May I come in?'"

"Nothing to do, Henrietta?" said Mrs. Whinebite, who was carrying several heavy baskets up from the village.

"Plenty to do, Mrs. Whinebite," I said, "but I'm not going to do it."

"Poor Charles!" said Mrs. Whinebite.

"Look at that lovely blackbird hopping about on the lawn," said Lady B. tactfully

"The old rascal has begun to think of courting," said Faith. "Look at his yellow beak."

"It's a good thing humans' noses don't turn yellow when they want to make love," I said.

"Isn't it?" said Lady B., and we were silent for a moment, turning this enchanting idea over in our minds.

"A good thing for Mr. Savernack," said Mrs. Whinebite with a sniff.

"Why Mr. Savernack?" we cried with one voice.

"Haven't you Heard?" said Mrs. Whinebite.—"Tell us! Tell us!" we cried, bouncing up and down on the garden seat.

"He's having an Affair."—"Who with?" said Faith and I.

"With whom?" said Lady B., who has been educated.

"No," said Mrs. Whinebite; "I don't want to Make Mischief."

"You've made it," said Faith, "so you might just as well go on and tell us the whole story."

"I have *not* made mischief," said Mrs. Whinebite, drawing herself up, "it is Common Knowledge."

"Poor Mr. Savernack," said Lady B. "To all intents and purposes his nose has turned yellow."

"I don't think he is to be pitied in any way," said Mrs. Whinebite. "A man in his position."

"Anybody in love is to be pitied," said Lady B. firmly.

"And envied," I said.—"Really, Henrietta!" said Mrs. Whinebite.

"Anyhow, I'm sure it isn't true," I said. "Mr. Savernack isn't that sort of man."—"All men are That Sort," said Mrs. Whinebite.

"Nonsense," said Faith. "You might just as well say that all men have got blue eyes."

"I don't know what blue eyes have got to do with it," said Mrs. Whinebite, who was rapidly getting out of her depth.

"It isn't true," I said. "Mr. Savernack hates all that sort of thing. You don't know the difficulty the Conductor is having trying to make him kiss me in 'Love's Bliss.' After three weeks' rehearsals he has only got as far as pressing his chin against my cheek. And he groans every time."

"Just because somebody doesn't like kissing *you*, Henrietta, it doesn't necessarily mean that he doesn't like kissing anybody," said Mrs. Whinebite. This was so true that I had nothing to say in reply, and there was a short silence.

"Having told us this much, I think you ought to let us have the whole story," said Lady B.

"Well," said Mrs. Whinebite, "if you don't hear the story from me you will from somebody else," and she put her shopping baskets down on the grass. "It started in the Men's Club."

"And then they say women gossip," said Faith.

"My husband came home with the story," said Mrs. Whinebite. "He was very much excited. Apparently, Colonel Simpkins had been round to the Savernacks' with 'Country Life,' and seeing the drawing-room window open, he thought he would save himself the trouble of going to the front door." Mrs. Whinebite paused dramatically.

"Go on, go on!" we cried.

"And when he looked through the window, there was Mr. Savernack with a Woman In His Arms!"—"Who?"

"That's what everybody wants to know. Colonel Simpkins couldn't see. People are saying that the only woman here attractive enough to make Mr. Savernack lose his head is Faith," and Mrs. Whinebite gave Faith a piercing look.—"No," said Faith gravely, "no. I'm very fond of Mr. Savernack, but if my life depended on it—no."

"Did he say anything?" said Lady B.

"Oh, yes. Colonel Simpkins distinctly heard him say, 'My God, I can't bear it!'"—"Poor Mr. Savernack!" said Lady B.

"I don't know why you keep on being sorry for Mr. Savernack," said Mrs. Whinebite. "It is Mrs. Savernack who is deserving of our pity." Then she picked up her shopping baskets and went away.

There was a long silence and then Lady B. said, "I wonder if that is a true story."—"I don't think Colonel Simpkins has enough imagination to make it up," said Faith.—"Perhaps he was kissing Mrs. Savernack," said Lady B.

"Impossible!" said Faith.

"As a matter of fact," I said, "he was kissing me."

Lady B. and Faith turned on me faces in which astonishment and disappointment were mingled.

"We were rehearsing for 'Love's Bliss.' I thought he might get on better without the rest of the cast watching. Mrs. Savernack was prompting, but she'd just gone upstairs to get ready for Bridge. He often says things like 'My God, I can't bear it!' because he hates it so."

"'There was Mr. Savernack with a woman in his arms!'"

The blackbird hopped across the lawn looking handsome and important, and Little No-well made an unsuccessful attempt to catch him.

"So Mr. Savernack's nose wasn't yellow after all," said Lady B. sadly.

Always your affectionate Childhood's Friend, HENRIETTA.

An unsuccessful attempt to catch him.

AUSTRALASIA, AMERICA AND ENGLAND.

MISS SARAH CHURCHILL, *daughter of Mr. Winston Churchill, wore this glamorous outfit when she boarded an Eastern Airlines 'plane at La Guardia to join her parents in Havana.*

T.R.H. THE DUKE *and* DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER *and* PRINCE WILLIAM *recently finished their seaside holiday at Devonport, Tasmania, and arranged to leave Hobart for Sydney in H.M.S. "Anson" last week.*

LADY DASHWOOD'S *curving pheasant feather gave a halo effect to the hat she wore at the gala première of Françoise Rosay's film "Une Femme Disparait," at the Academy.*

M. MASARYK, DR. S. L. SIMPSON *and* MR. NOEL BAKER, *Minister of State (who has just risen to propose a toast), are seen (l. to r.) at Simpson's Services Club lunch to U.N.O. delegates. M. Masaryk replied.*

FLIGHT OFFICER C. BABINGTON-SMITH, M.B.E., W.A.A.F., *by her skilful photographic interpretations, delayed the full force of the V-1 attacks for six months. She received the Legion of Merit from Lieut.-General Eaker, in Washington.*

THE HON. ANNE DOUGLAS-SCOTT-MONTAGU, *eldest daughter of the late Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, and of the Hon. Mrs. Pleydell-Bouverie, is to marry Major H. J. Moore-Gwyn, Welsh Guards, on March 2.*

THE DUCHESS OF BUCCLEUCH *talked with* MISS MARY CHURCHILL *at the reception given by Sir John Anderson at Trinity House to U.N.O. delegates on behalf of the Port of London Authority.*

The marriage of LIEUT.-COMMANDER EARL BEATTY, R.N., *son of the famous Admiral Earl Beatty, to* MRS. DOROTHY RITA BRAGG *took place quietly at the Caxton Hall Register Office.*

PRINCESS ANNA BONCOMPANI, *a ski-ing friend of Miss Sheena Mackintosh, daughter of Lady Jean Mackintosh, is one of the fortunate few enjoying wintersports.*

CAPTAIN BILL BRACKEN, *and a most promising pupil,* MISS SHEENA MACKINTOSH. *She was first among the women competitors in the "Mid-Season" Cup.*

MISS AUDREY WARREN PEARL, *daughter of Mrs. Warren Pearl, is seen at the start of the Opal Run, St. Moritz. Switzerland is having quite a gay post-war season.*

DELIGHTS DENIED TO MOST OF US!

The HON. MRS. BATHURST *was snapped setting out with skis over her shoulder from her St. Moritz hotel.*

MRS. TRAPANI *on the St. Moritz slopes. The Beddington-Behrens Cup contest was the first to be decided since the war.*

MISS VERA SCOTT, *who is at St. Moritz enjoying the bracing air and bright sunshine which Londoners so envy, wears this extremely smart ski-ing jacket.*

DÉBUTANTE IN HER COMING-OUT DRESS.

MISS ROBINA TENNANT, *elder daughter of Mrs. Edward Tennant, and of the late Group Captain Tennant, D.S.O., M.C., and granddaughter of Lady Juliet Duff, wore this full-skirted taffetas dress at her coming-out dance at the Dorchester. Her uncle, Sir Michael Duff, Bt., was host, and the occasion was extremely brilliant, as T.R.H. Princess Elizabeth and the Duchess of Kent were present. There were some two hundred guests.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY LENARE.

STAGE CAMEOS.

By JOHN RUSSELL.

NINE weeks remain in which to enjoy, at the New Theatre, a production which is not merely the best that this winter has given us, but one which, in my view, offers one of the greatest evenings which one can ever hope to pass in the theatre. The coupling of " ŒDIPUS " with " THE CRITIC " has been called over-audacious ; and managers have recently kept us upon a diet of such ignominious pap that it is indeed a shock to come upon the elements of the theatre (terror, pity and laughter) in such intensely concentrated form. But it is a shock which one would gladly experience more often. Mr. Olivier's Œdipus has been praised for the terrible moments towards the end, when the king has put out his eyes and comes bursting from the palace to confront his people ; but many actors could be impressive at this point, and Mr. Olivier's genius appears also in the gradual crescendo of terror which he sustains, with rare economy of movement, from his first appearance. Few actors could suggest so well the impatient majesty of a great chief, and fewer still the antique grandeur of mind with which Œdipus probes ever deeper into his distresses. Mr. Olivier achieves the prime aim of tragedy—the hush of awe with which one contemplates a mighty and noble being, brought low by the malice of the gods. Several other performances contribute to this—the dignity of Mr. Harry Andrewes' Creon, Mr. Miles Malleson's shepherd, Miss Joyce Redman in her one brief appearance, and the doom-laden ejaculations of Dame Sybil Thorndike's Jocasta. But it is Mr. Olivier, now still as a figure on a Greek vase, now bounding among his people like a panther among doves, who remains in the memory.

" The Third Visitor," at the Granville, Walham Green : the First Murderer, James Oliver (BARRIE LIVESEY), *attacks the villainous Richard Carling* (MICHAEL GOLDEN) *with vigour.*

" You don't mean to say you 've just dipped your dear little shaving brush into the milk ? " : Steffy Millington (ELLEN POLLOCK), *producer and leading lady of " The Third Visitor," with Bill Millington* (MACKENZIE WARD).

" The Critic," a marvel among comedies, is here played to perfection. The elegance of the language, which one is tempted to call Parisian, springs in point of fact from that wonderful Anglo-Irish strain to which our theatre owes also the comedies of Wilde. Mr. Miles Malleson, who produces, has so diffused his own mastery of comic speech and miming throughout the company that even the scenery seems to have caught something of it. Sheridan can never have so intoxicated his audience. He may have been as well acted (though one may doubt it), but the unfailing fountain of his jokes can never before have played upon an audience strung to so high a pitch of excitement ; and this, in itself, justifies the hazard of such a coupling. Mr. Olivier's Puff is a *tour de force* of the highest order ; but every member of the large company combines to bring down the curtain in one of the most contagious gales of delighted laughter which one could wish to hear.

The three new plays of this last fortnight also aim, in their way, at the basic elements of terror, pity and laughter. Mr. Clifford Bax's " GOLDEN EAGLE," at the Westminster, is not so much a play as a series of popular historical snapshots, taken from the life of Mary Stuart. Miss Claire Luce, who once most worthily partnered Fred Astaire in that best of dance tunes, " Night and Day," has worked her passage round, by way of Stratford-on-Avon, to playing this touching and enigmatic personage. It would be possible to name other historical characters more nicely suited to her talents ; but fortunately Mr. Bax has turned Mary Stuart into a kind of Becky Sharp, more dexterous in the manipulation of intrigues than in the niceties of her spiritual condition. The play contains some good scenes of argument and has moments of passion and fire ; Mr. John Byron's Rizzio admirably sets off the plight of the delicate Italian, surrounded by the brutalities and the savage distrust of the Scottish lords, and as Darnley, Mr. David Read is very much the peacock in the lions' den, though some of his affectations have too much of a contemporary ring. In fact, the film-script and the history-book seem to have done battle for possession of Mr. Bax's mind, with the odds about even ; Schiller and Swinburne, on the same theme, did probably more violence to history, but they avoided the sag into easy pathos with which Mr. Bax winds up his chronicle. None the less, this is an evening of some quality, and Mr. David Horne acts with his usual persuasiveness beneath a great mound of whiskers.

Mr. Anthony Hawtrey celebrates his first anniversary at the Embassy, Swiss Cottage, by appearing in Donald Henderson's " MR. BOWLING BUYS A NEWSPAPER." This is a comedy of that new *genre* in which bores and bounders are strangled for fun before one's eyes. It has two great auxiliary features—Miss Irene Handl's now classical comic turn as a housemaid, and (inexplicably) Miss Jean Forbes-Robertson in a small part which predictably becomes almost the most important thing in the piece. It has also, within its limits, a lot of well-observed comedy, some moments of real horror and, towards the end, passages of sentiment which Mr. Hawtrey and Miss Rosemary Scott contrive to keep within tolerable bounds. Once again London's outlying theatres, with their deliberately brief runs, are giving valuable apprentice work to players who may soon be welcome within the magnetic field of Shaftesbury Avenue. Watch, for instance, Miss Carol Coombe at the Embassy, and see how much, in Mr. Henderson's little play, she can make of her one sustained note of unthinking sensuality.

The terror and laughter invoked by " THE THIRD VISITOR," at the Granville, Walham Green, are not of an edifying sort. In fact, this play deals for the most part with people who are not without or beyond the law, but beneath it ; the murder of the worst of them, and the lying and prevarication of the others, made up a thoroughly dispiriting evening, massively over-acted by most of the cast and redeemed only by Mr. Hugh Pryse, who showed his worth in a scene of genuine pathos.

" I 've been waiting for this " : George Hewson (HUGH PRYSE) *and Steffy Millington* (ELLEN POLLOCK) *with the corpse of Richard Carling* (MICHAEL GOLDEN) *after the surprise* dénouement *of " The Third Visitor."*

PLAYS YOU MUST SEE: OLD VIC THEATRE COMPANY SEASON OF REPERTORY (New). " BLITHE SPIRIT " (Duchess). " ARSENIC AND OLD LACE " (Strand). " HAPPY AND GLORIOUS " (Palladium). " PRIVATE LIVES " (Apollo). " WHILE THE SUN SHINES " (Globe). " THE FIRST GENTLEMAN " (Savoy). " GAY ROSALINDA " (Palace). " SWEETER AND LOWER " (Ambassadors). " ME AND MY GIRL " (Victoria Palace). " UNDER THE COUNTER " (Phœnix).

PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING: " THE YEARS BETWEEN " (Wyndham's). " LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN " (Haymarket). " FOR CRYING OUT LOUD " (Stoll). " PERCHANCE TO DREAM " (Hippodrome). " THE NIGHT AND THE MUSIC " (Coliseum). " THE HASTY HEART " (Aldwych). " NO MEDALS " (Vaudeville). " DUET FOR TWO HANDS " (Lyric). " LADY FROM EDINBURGH " (Playhouse). " SEE HOW THEY RUN " (Comedy). " THE SHOP AT SLY CORNER " (St. Martin's). " IS YOUR HONEYMOON REALLY NECESSARY ? " (Duke of York's). " FOLLOW THE GIRLS " (His Majesty's). " MERRIE ENGLAND " (Princes). " FINE FEATHERS " (Prince of Wales). OPERA SEASON (Sadler's Wells). " WORM'S EYE VIEW " (Whitehall).

PANTOMIMES: " CINDERELLA " (Adelphi). " ALADDIN " (Cambridge).

While every endeavour is made to keep this list up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur.

CINEMA CAMEOS.

By C. A. LEJEUNE.

"TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST" (Carlton) is the sort of sea-adventure yarn that Hollywood has always done well. For one thing, it forces the actors out into the open air; which is good for their souls, their health and, generally speaking, their ego, since it is extraordinarily difficult to put on airs and graces when drenched to the skin or blown by a 60-m.p.h. gale. For another thing, it ensures a certain liveliness of action; the characters, as a rule, are kept too busy to sit about and discuss their emotional symptoms. Then again, it automatically dispenses with swing bands, cocktails, crooners, yowlers, radio comics, co-eds and blonde torch-singers; all of which is a marked boon.

It is true it is customary for a pretty heroine to be concealed somewhere about these sea-adventure stories; hidden in the captain's cabin, or waiting for the hero on some South Sea island; and "Two Years Before the Mast" is no exception. The romantic element is long delayed, but after an hour or so of distinctly tough and vigorous incident, the inevitable little ninny turns up, crisp in silks and tripping demurely along the gangplank. This time she is a Spanish lady, played by a Latin-American beauty, a Miss Esther Fernandez. There is no particular reason, except habit, for her presence in the picture, and I felt rather sorry for little Miss Fernandez, whose acting suggested that she was fully aware of the fact.

Apart from the incident of the lady, "Two Years Before the Mast" is a reasonably good and exciting film about a voyage round the Cape in a tall-masted brig, from Boston to California. It is based on a book by Richard Henry Dana which has become an American schoolboy's classic. This Dana, a humane observer of a hundred years ago, shipped before the mast for his health, kept a record of the things he saw and heard, and managed by his representations to do quite a lot to ameliorate the hardships of the common seaman. If we can believe the film, Dana could hardly have chosen a better subject for his studies than the notorious brig *Pilgrim*. The master, a certain Captain Thompson, seems to have been something more than human nature could endure, even in those harsh days of press-gangs and corporal punishment. A martinet with a craze for speed, he let nothing stand in the way of his speed records—even the lives of his men. The film, which my more erudite friends tell me exaggerates, shows him sailing furiously against wind and weather, lashing his crew unmercifully, refusing to stop for provisions, letting sick men die rather than lose a tide by putting them ashore. An outbreak of scurvy sweeps the ship; the remnants of the crew, starved, sick and vindictive, carry out a mutiny, in which captain and mate are killed; the survivors, on Dana's advice, give themselves up for trial. "Two Years Before the Mast" is fortunate in having found an actor, Howard da Silva, who can play the cold butcher Thompson to a miracle. Other actors, notably William Bendix as the first mate and Barry Fitzgerald as the ship's cook, are good, but Mr. da Silva is magnificent. This is the sort of performance that bites like iron into the mind.

"The Spanish Main" (Gaumont, Haymarket, and Pavilion, Marble Arch: February 24). Laurent van Horn (PAUL HENREID), *the buccaneer, and Francisca* (MAUREEN O'HARA), *the high-born girl destined to marry Don Juan Alvarado, but kidnapped by Laurent, with the dying woman pirate, Anne Bonny* (BINNIE BARNES). *"The Spanish Main" is an exciting, full-blooded, romantic tale of seventeenth-century piracy.*

There are two foreign-language films about town that I would urge you to see; both, curiously enough, made in Switzerland. "THE LAST CHANCE" (Empire), a really beautiful film, is the work of L. Wechsler and L. Lindtberg, who made the endearing "Marie Louise." The actors are mostly amateurs; they come from twelve different countries and speak nine languages; many of them, including the two British officers and the American sergeant, who have most to do, themselves escaped to Switzerland over the Alps after the sort of experiences that are shown here.

The film begins in North Italy, after the fall of Mussolini, with Italy half-in and half-out of the war. A British lieutenant and an American sergeant escape in an air raid from a train that is carrying them as prisoners to Germany. They make their way to a friendly village, where the priest hides them in his church belfry. There they find another fugitive, a British major. Together, the three soldiers plan their escape; how they will slip past the German patrols at night, and cross the mountain passes singly. But meanwhile a crowd of civilian refugees has gathered at the village inn. There are old men, and women and children; they are dazed and tired and frightened. They have planned to cross the Alps too, but their guide has been killed by the Germans. They have no leader. The priest, who knows that his own death is bound to follow when the Germans arrive, begs the soldiers to take charge of this draggled little pilgrimage. The rest of the film shows how they set out on their journey through the snow, how mutual distrust gives way to mutual understanding, how a German ski-patrol cuts off their escape over the last pass, and how some of them—not all—reach the safety of Switzerland.

"My Name is Julia Ross" (Tivoli) introduces a new star in NINA FOCH, *who plays the bewildered, fascinating Julia in the macabre psychological mystery based on the novel "The Woman in Bed." Julia's identity is changed by a criminal, who hopes by this trick to avoid his fate. Our still shows her with Mrs. W. Hughes* (DAME MAY WHITTY) *and Ralph* (GEORGE MACREADY).

I should like to write a whole article about this fine film; to talk about the characters one by one, to discuss the way in which the faltering mixture of languages catches the heart; to analyse the simple expedients by which the producers have conveyed the pressure of suspense and the changing perspective of escape; to describe the almost physical lightening of breath as the frontier is crossed. It would be a luxury to discourse at leisure on "The Last Chance," the sort of luxury that only comes to a film reviewer once in a long while. But what I need to do I can do quite simply in two words; and here they are: see it.

The other Continental film is "UNE FEMME DISPARAIT" (Academy), made in Switzerland during the war by Jacques Feyder, with his wife, Françoise Rosay, as the star. The film as a whole is a minor work for the artist who directed the great "Kermesse Héroïque," but Mme. Rosay is superb.

The body of an unknown woman is found in a Swiss lake. In reply to police inquiries, four people come forward to identify it. All these people have lost someone dear to them, under circumstances that make them suspect suicide. One of them is right in his suspicions; the other three are wrong, and their stories have a happy ending.

Mme. Rosay plays the rôles of all the missing women. At one time she is a celebrated actress, slightly notorious and a little past her prime, who chooses to disappear rather than spoil the life of her respectably married daughter. At another time she is a stolid old peasant nurse, with just enough learning to be able to discover, after laborious and secretive study of a public print, that she has won a fortune in a lottery. The third phase of this amazing quadruple characterisation is a genteel schoolmistress who has lost all her pupils at the outbreak of war, and wanders through the dormitories and corridors of the empty school, peopling them with the children of yesterday. The fourth phase is vigorous and animal—an Italian gipsy, jingling with bangles, reeking of stale scent, setting out to recapture her errant husband for an amorous afternoon.

"The Diary of a Chambermaid" (London Pavilion). Celestine (PAULETTE GODDARD), *beautiful waif from Britanny, finds herself a member of the sinister Lanlaire household in provincial France on the eve of the Revolution. Passion, intrigue, murder and robbery make up the complicated mosaic of this tale.*

The actress's translation from one character to another is not a matter of make-up, although the tricks she has played with her face for the peasant sequence are as subtle as anything I have seen in years of picture-making, but the changes are induced from within; they are an affair of creative thought; they spring from a deliberate act of understanding and interpretation. Mme. Rosay is not one of those actresses who go about with a ready-prepared bag of tricks; still less is she one of those performers who are ready to lend their pretty and popular persons to fill a part for a consideration — and expect their producer to provide the tricks necessary for them. She acts with a conscience, a wit, and a wealth of humanity that is rare in these days; an acceptance of the actor's art as a high calling. The result is that these four women of "Une Femme Disparait" spring to life as people met and known; four clear-cut characters, distinct and different.

"Love Eternal" (Curzon). MADELEINE SOLOGNE *plays Nathalie, the tragic heroine of the Jean Cocteau film produced by André Paulve and directed by Jean Delannoy which has been chosen as the attraction for the reopened Curzon. It is the first of a selection of French films to be distributed by Eagle-Lion in Britain and abroad.*

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

FIELD-MARSHAL VISCOUNT MONTGOMERY OF ALAMEIN, New C.I.G.S., for being a learner in the snow after having been a great leader in the sand.

Field-Marshal Lord Montgomery of Alamein on the snow slopes with H.E. Sir Clifford Norton, K.C.M.G., British Minister to Switzerland.

Field-Marshal Lord Montgomery is not yet an expert at winter sports, but he knows more than one member of his staff (r.), and is giving him hints.

FIELD-MARSHAL VISCOUNT MONTGOMERY OF ALAMEIN, Chief of the Imperial General Staff from June 26, 1946, arrived recently in Switzerland for a winter-sporting holiday. He took his first walks in deep snow round Saanen-Möser, the Alpine resort near Gstaad, and then moved to Gstaad. He is accompanied by Major Mather, his liaison A.D.C., Captain Henderson and a Swiss honorary A.D.C. The Field-Marshal visited Switzerland some nine years ago and did some ski-ing, but is by no means an expert as yet.

" Monty " gives a demonstration of how to turn on skis, for the benefit of his entourage. DR. WEBER, *of the Swiss political department, is also in the group.*

The Field-Marshal is here accompanied by a young admirer, Lucien Trub, proud to be in the company of the great British leader.

Assisted by his ski-ing sticks, " MONTY " *ascends a mountain slope. He had a fortnight's rest at Saanen-Möser before going to Gstaad.*

One of " Monty's " A.D.C.s is here taking first steps on skis under the encouraging, if slightly critical, gaze of the Field-Marshal.

OUR FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD PRINCESS.

H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET, *younger daughter of T.M. the King and Queen, will be sixteen years of age on August 21 this year. Our new portrait-study shows her wearing an attractive example of "teen-age" evening dress, very youthful, crisp and dainty. Although, of course, Her Royal Highness does not attend usually grown-up dances and parties, she was present at the Buckingham Palace reception for U.N.O. delegates on Feb. 9. She had to undergo an operation for appendicitis in November, but made a rapid and satisfactory recovery.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY CECIL BEATON.

CHIC SIMPLICITY, ROMANTIC DEMI-TOILETTE AND SEQUINED BALL-DRESS:

PRINCESS ELIZABETH *in a simple, well-cut tunic dress.*

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS *in a demi-*

ON our front page we give a beautiful portrait in a long full-skirted net ball-dress, heavily these pages she is again seen in this frock, and simple tunic model for day wear, and the other and a V-shaped décolletage, carried out in star been enjoying theatre parties, dances and othe a long programme of official engagements, incl NAAFI all-Services club at Portsmouth. On t and paid tribute to the work of the NAAFI girls a Her Royal Highness had come up from Sandri Barracks to wind up the Ladies' Committee of th Colonel. In the evening she dined with some of

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C

N.B. A Coloured plate t

PRINCESS ELIZABETH IN THREE MOST BECOMING FROCKS.

oilette of star-scattered chiffon.

tudy of H.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH
mbroidered with shimmering sequins. On
two other becoming dresses, one a very
romantic demi-toilette with long sleeves
ttered chiffon. Her Royal Highness has
tivities of late, but she has also fulfilled
ing the opening of the first permanent
occasion she made an excellent speech,
men. Just before her visit to Portsmouth
ham to attend a meeting at Wellington
Grenadier Guards of which regiment she is
e senior officers of the Brigade of Guards.

CIL BEATON.

nserted in this issue.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH *in a ball-dress embroidered with sequins.*

TELEVISION HOSTESS NUMBER ONE.

Home study circle; MISS JASMINE BLIGH *(Mrs. Johnson) gives little* SARAH JOHNSON *a reading lesson, while black puss-cat purrs an obbligato.*

Goat-keeper as well as television hostess: MISS JASMINE BLIGH *with important member of her Sussex home circle.*

A few moments relaxation: MISS JASMINE BLIGH *enjoys a little repose between the various activities of her very busy life.*

A busman's holiday! MISS JASMINE BLIGH, *B.B.C. television hostess, listens to a wireless programme on her set at home.*

MISS JASMINE BLIGH, one of the original Television Announcer Hostesses appointed in 1936, will soon be back at her old job, and will be seen and heard by televisionaries all over the country when television is reinstituted, it is hoped some time this summer. Miss Bligh, who is in private life Mrs. Johnson, is the elder daughter of the late Hon. Mrs. Noel Bligh. She lives in a delightful house in Sussex, where she keeps goats, takes an active interest in her garden and enjoys a rural existence with her little daughter, three-year-old Sarah Johnson. She will be working at Television Studios in London, but intends to continue to reside in Sussex and to travel up and down daily, or "commute," as the Americans say.

ONE OF THE GREATEST HEROINES OF THE WAR.

THE story of MLLE. ANDREE DE JONGH'S exploits in helping many Allied personnel stranded in enemy-occupied territory during 1941-43 is an epic of sustained and unwavering courage, unsurpassed by any heroic story in the history of the world. Her work was no haphazard undertaking; it was a masterpiece of careful planning. Each of her many journeys from Belgium to the Pyrenees had to be broken in a number of places, and each place involved its quota of risks. There were innumerable incidents, and she lived in eternal danger, but she always behaved with complete *sangfroid,* taking charge of the situation, however difficult. When shepherding the first party of all, she swam the Somme twenty times, helping across those who could not swim. She crossed the Pyrenees in all weathers, through snow and ice and in burning heat. She and her father were pursued by the Gestapo, and though arrest seemed daily imminent, she carried on. She was finally arrested on the Spanish frontier in January 1943, and after being moved from prison to prison was sent to the concentration camp of Ravensbruck and later to Mauthausen. She returned home on May 7, 1945, weakened by her experiences but with her morale unbroken. As well as receiving the George Medal from His Majesty at Buckingham Palace, Mlle. de Jongh had a presentation from the Air Ministry in the form of a clock from a bomber. Her citation for the G.M. was read by Marshal of the R.A.F. Lord Tedder, and Lord Stansgate, Minister for Air, made the presentation.

MLLE. ANDRÉE DE JONGH, *wearing the George Medal which she received from the King for her tenacious and heroic devotion to the Allied cause.*

Left:
H.E. THE BELGIAN AMBASSADOR, BARON DE CARTIER DE MARCHIENNE *congratulating* MLLE. DE JONGH, *on her arrival at the Belgian Embassy after her visit to Buckingham Palace.*

Right:
MLLE. ANDRÉE DE JONGH *with her mother, outside Buckingham Palace. She was known to the countless Servicemen she helped as "Dédé."*

How it all starts: Christopher Cross (EDWARD G. ROBINSON) *meets Kitty* (JOAN BENNETT): *an early sequence in "Scarlet Street."*

"Sure I painted it": Charles Pringle (SAMUEL S. HINDS) *is sceptical of the ability of Christopher Cross* (EDWARD G. ROBINSON) *to have produced such a picture.*

MURDER—PRELUDE AND AFTERMATH: "SCARLET STREET."

"SCARLET STREET," new Universal Picture, due at the Leicester Square Theatre on February 25, is a low-life tragedy of treachery and revenge. Christopher Cross, honest cashier, is a gifted artist, but can't sell his work. Kitty and Johnny double-cross him over both love and art, but Nemesis overtakes them, as Kitty is murdered and Johnny executed for the crime.

Kitty (JOAN BENNETT), *inveterate gold-digger, worthless though beautiful, tries to vamp Johnny* (DAN DURYEA), *who cares only for money.*

"Why don't you bring me jewellery instead?" Pop Lejon (VLADIMIR SOKOLOFF) *has lent money to Johnny* (DAN DURYEA), *and is shy of taking Christopher's pictures as surety.*

Christopher, double-crossed by Kitty and Johnny, succeeds in "framing" Johnny for murder. But when he reads that Johnny is for the electric chair, he begins to feel stirrings of remorse.

Murder! Christopher Cross, driven almost mad by the discovery of Kitty's perfidy, kills the wretched girl with an ice-pick. He escapes punishment for the crime, but becomes half-crazed from shock and terror.

BRITAIN'S TOP-OF-THE-POLL SCREEN-STAR.

JAMES MASON *and his wife*, PAMELA KELLINO, *on the stairs of Olleberrie Farm, their Hertfordshire home.*

Study of concentration: JAMES MASON *at work with his typewriter, while Siamese cat Tree watches.*

JAMES MASON for the second time heads the annual Motion Picture Herald's British Poll of money-making stars. His pictures include "Seventh Veil," "The Wicked Lady" and "They Were Sisters," and now that he and his wife are back from a six-months troop-entertaining Continental tour, he will start on "The Upturned Glass," from a story by Captain John Monaghan, U.S. Army. Mrs. Mason is the

[*Continued below.*

The JAMES MASONS *with four of their five cats, Tree, the Siamese, Topboy (in Mrs. Mason's arms), Whitie (facing camera) and Lady Leeds.*

Cartoonist as well as film-star: JAMES MASON *at work with his pencil, while cat The Murderer watches.*

Self-caricature: JAMES MASON *and his wife,* PAMELA KELLINO, *drawn by James himself.*

Left:
PAMELA KELLINO, *novelist and actress, going over the script of a new film with her husband,* JAMES MASON.

Right:
Close-up of the most popular British film-star: Huddersfield-born, thirty-six-year-old JAMES MASON.

Continued.]
novelist Pamela Kellino. Her first book was "This Little Hand," and her latest, "Ignoramus, Ignoramus," illustrated by James Mason, is due almost at once. Mr. Mason plans to go to Hollywood next autumn to make two pictures.

THE PROLOGUE—*Oliver Messel's* décor *for the opening of the new Sadler's Wells Ballet production of " The Sleeping Beauty."*

OLIVER MESSEL'S " SLEEPING BEAUTY " SETS FOR COVENT GARDEN.

SADLER'S WELLS BALLET SEASON opens at Covent Garden to-night, Feb. 20, with a new production of " La Belle au Bois Dormant," ballet arranged by Petipa to Tchaikovsky's music after Perrault's story, now given under the name of " The Sleeping Beauty." The ballet was produced at the

[*Continued below, left.*

ACT I.—THE GARDEN SCENE *for the birthday of Princess Aurora.*

Continued.]

Maryinsky Theatre, St. Petersburg, in 1890. It was seen in an altered form in London at the Alhambra in 1921 as " The Sleeping Princess," with Bakst *décor*. In 1939 the Vic-Wells Company were ambitious enough to launch " The Sleeping Princess " at a charity performance honoured by the presence of Queen Mary; and the King and Queen have promised to attend the *première* of this latest production. " The Sleeping Beauty " has *décor* designed by Oliver Messel, and every effort has been made worthily to present this great classic ballet, originally devised to show off the old Imperial Ballet in its fullest glory; and afterwards the centrepiece of Diaghileff's triumphs.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EDWARD MANDINIAN.

ACT III. — *The magnificent* PALACE DÉCOR *for the marriage of Princess Aurora and Prince Charming.*

RUSSIAN-BORN BALLERINA FOR COVENT GARDEN.

VIOLETTA PROHOROVA, who is to dance the "Blue Bird" *pas de deux* with Harold Turner to-morrow night in the second performance of "The Sleeping Beauty," at Covent Garden, by the Sadler's Wells Ballet, is by birth a Russian. She was a *coryphée* at the Bolshoi Theatre, Moscow, and came to this country as she is the wife of a British architect, Mr. Harold Elvin, son of Mr. A. H. Elvin, a former President of the Trades Union Council. The reopening of Covent Garden Opera House, fixed for to-night, Wednesday, February 20, will be one of the most brilliant social events since the war, as the King and Queen have promised to attend. Princess Aurora is to be danced to-night by Margot Fonteyn, and to-morrow by Pamela May; Robert Helpmann is due to appear this evening as Prince Charming and Carabosse, the Wicked Fairy, and David Paltenghi is the Charming for to-morrow. The "Blue Bird" *pas de deux* is to be given to-night by Pamela May and Rassine. Photographs of the new Oliver Messel *décor* for "The Sleeping Beauty" appear on other pages of this issue.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EDWARD MANDINIAN.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By K. JOHN.

It is strange but certain that the modern novelist finds it hard to rouse our interest in a love-story. Ten to one we don't care. That Elizabeth should marry Mr. Darcy, that Anne Elliot should marry Captain Wentworth—that seems important; that is very exciting, even when you know it all in advance. But now—the introduction of the love-interest is too often the signal for a drop in the reader's temperature. "Off again!" he thinks wearily. "The old stuff!"

Anglo-American Union. Which may seem a roundabout approach to Mr. McFee; but it all arises from the subject of his new book. The British captain of a luxury liner falls in love with an American business girl on a cruise. Why does it sound trivial? Well, partly because in these days we cannot feel that much is at stake. Conventions are so loose that if a love-affair is to absorb us it must be heightened by special circumstances or a touch of real poetry. It seldom is; and the tension in "Ship to Shore" is even subnormal. Captain Sylvester and his Rosita are not involved for better or worse. Indeed, the captain has a wife already, and Rosita is an independent girl who risks nothing for him, and at any moment could live without him. True, he cannot get a divorce; but that will hardly pass for an obstacle, since his wife is rich, and fonder of her home in Liscard than of her husband, whom she rarely sees, anyhow. No, it is plain sailing. Even the uncertainties of courtship have been eliminated; as it would be indecorous for a captain to make love to one of his passengers, they agree at first sight. Rather to our surprise, Rosita being so unglamorous. We are told she has style; but, with fatal iteration, we are also told that she is "not pretty," wears pince-nez, and looks like a school-teacher. Jane Eyre was plain, and a governess; but Jane had fire!

However, when you strip the affair of its Mediterranean romance, it improves enormously. Captain Sylvester has begun to feel the need for a sympathetic woman and a bit of home life. He can get them only in New York, where his ship is based. The bright young plutocrats whom he carries about the world are out of his sphere; but in Rosita, the working girl whose grandparents were Jews from Lodz, he finds his own level. And so we are really studying his gradual divorce from England and happy semi-marital connection with the United States. Grace's dead world of retired shipmasters and house property is contrasted with the free, ebullient anonymity of New York. Social life has undergone a sea change. The "Sylvesters" can do as they please, for they have no given circle; their closest friend is a man of letters who appreciates a girl with no education and no nonsense about her.

It is Henry James in reverse—the New World through English eyes; and it has the ample, deliberate—if you choose, old-fashioned—technique of that more spacious day. Interesting and distinguished. But if Rosita were just a shade nonsensical—not quite so shrewd and independent—how much more she would charm!

Murder in the Cathedral. This time we are enjoying a spell of peace. "Ship to Shore" lies between the wars, and from there we step into the gay immunity of the Never-never-land. In a thriller of the right kind, war may be postulated and even basic, but it will not intrude. Edmund Crispin observes this law. I start with him because, of the three crime novels now before me, "Holy Disorders" comes nearest to my favourite pattern—social comedy with a focus in murder, and prompting one to ask "What happened?" rather than "What next?" The type so specially repugnant to certain highbrows, who deplore it as unlike life, and think these holiday writers ought to emulate M. Simenon. It may be freely owned that Mr. Crispin is not like life. He opens very engagingly, with a snug, middle-aged bachelor mysteriously summoned to play the organ in a cathedral town, warned off by anonymous letters, waylaid by thugs, and rescued by the most surprising of shop assistants. His encounter with Henry Fielding in the Regent Street store is a delightful moment indeed. But though it is obvious we shall be amused, it is not so plain at first what kind of book we are in for. Geoffrey's arrival in Tolnbridge soon clears that up. Not a fantastic thriller, but a detective novel: Who slugged the organist? What had he seen in the cathedral? Which inmate of the clergy-house has no alibi?

And if unplausible, it is exceedingly openhanded. There are dark suggestions of witchcraft, of a bishop who "walks," and of the Black Mass. There are plenty of narrow squeaks—every defender of the right comes, at least once, within a hair's-breadth of being annihilated. Time and space are found for a lovely girl; and to crown it all, the comedy remains lavish. Besides the clerical element, we have a psycho-analyst with Doubts—and Professor Fen. I like Professor Fen very much. He ought not, perhaps, to be allowed out of Oxford, where presumably they can cope with him; but rude, childish and flamboyant as he is, that *joie de vivre* has a charm. And when the setting is so twopence-coloured, it would not do for the sleuth to be penny-plain.

Time Problem. When you get across the Atlantic, sheer detection loses its status; over there they all ask, "What next?" Which seems only right, of course. The tendency is so strong that even those who appear to think they have adopted the other model are nearly always carried away. My chief objection to the "What next?" type is that I cannot keep up with it—not in its purest form. But Erle Stanley Gardner is not an extreme case; he keeps you moving, but does not rush you quite out of breath. And then his court scenes are a unique attraction. It is unfortunate for Perry Mason's clients that he should be a lawyer, for it means they never get off without the miseries of incarceration and trial; but from the reader's point of view it is splendid.

MRS. PETER CHEYNEY, *wife of novelist Peter Cheyney, whose secret service and international spy "thrillers" are read by high-brow and low-brow with equal enjoyment, is in charge of the distribution of Swedish toys sent over for British children in hospital. She is here giving some of these attractive playthings to patients in St. Bartholomew's. The collection of toys in Sweden was organised by Mr. and Mrs. Seth Brink.*

"The Case of the Buried Clock" opens outside a mountain cabin in California—and opens dramatically with the clock itself. A wounded hero lies down to rest on a bed of pine-needles, and there it is, tick-ticking under his ear. It seems to have no connection with the corpse which turns up soon afterwards; indeed, it seems to have no connection with anything at all, and Perry only deepens the mystery by pointing out the unusual time it is keeping. Meanwhile, the police have fixed the guilt on his client to their own satisfaction, and she, with the noble perversity of suspects, is as dumb as an oyster. Perry goes into court without the shadow of a defence, and with no possible resource but the clock, which means nothing to him. It need scarcely be added that he sees the light just in time. On the way there have been many intriguing incidents—the wreck of an empty car, the disappearance of a great sum of money, and the administration of a drug which prevents you from telling lies, and even brings out guilty secrets you had forgotten. This very sinister short cut, if freely used, would put an end to detective novels; but Mr. Gardner uses it so discreetly that no one is the wiser.

Murder as a Career. "Come and Be Killed" presents that less common but almost sure-fire variant, the crime novel pure and simple and without mystery. We know who did it. In fact, we see it done. And the question is "What next?", not in the sense of "What will happen now to bewilder us even more?", but in the plain meaning of the words: "What will happen now?" It is almost sure-fire because we cannot be indifferent to murder. Yet if it is to remain a thriller it must not be too like life; it must not be too painful. Shelley Smith keeps nicely within the bounds. Her professional murderess is finely sinister, with just so much reality as becomes an object of the chase. That her past life, as described to us, would fully account for her propensities I do not believe; girls can be thwarted and unmarried without arriving at the conclusion that there are enough lonely women of property to support a female George Joseph Smith. But she is an excellent type, even to her name. And her victim, buzzing to and fro in helpless panic, in blind suspicion of the wrong people, is a poor little fly, predestined to the spider's web. It may be pitiful to see her entangled, but we can bear it. And every step, both up to and away from the crisis, has its excitement. Murder seems so easy to bring off; yet its path is so beset with unlucky accidents. Reading a tale of this kind, I always wonder that the detective novelist should think it worth while to concoct a puzzle. Of course, I am glad he does, after all. But a change like this is welcome.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Ship to Shore. By William McFee. *(Faber and Faber; 10s. 6d.)*
Holy Disorders. By Edmund Crispin. *(Gollancz; 7s. 6d.)*
The Case of the Buried Clock. By Erle Stanley Gardner. *(Cassell; 8s. 6d.)*
Come and Be Killed. By Shelley Smith. *(Collins; 8s. 6d.)*

Pin-up Girl: No. 46. Ann Todd.

ANN TODD, *in private life Mrs. Nigel Tangye, is one of the leading British screen stars, and has also enjoyed considerable stage success. Her 1945 film hits include "The Seventh Veil" and "Perfect Strangers," and her new picture, "Gaiety George," produced and directed by George King, has just been completed at Denham. This still shows Miss Todd in period costume from the picture—as leading lady of an English stage show in the days just prior to the great theatrical re-birth caused by the introduction of musical-comedy.*

A DAY LIKE ANY OTHER.*

By CELIA DALE.

MY name is Winifred May Winter, of 13, Upper Lane, Halecot, Warwickshire. My age is fifty-one or fifty-two, I 'm not sure which, but I was married in 1910 and Kenneth was born two years later, and he 's thirty-two next March, so it 's near enough for you, I hope. If not, I can easily look it up in Granddad's Bible. It 's all there, and Kenneth's and Maureen's birth-dates, too, and Dad's and everything . . .

Oh, dear! I 'm sorry. I 'm doing my best to keep hold. I keep telling myself this is just an ordinary day, like any other, but then it all comes over me again. There. I 'm sorry. I 'll try and remember everything for you if you 'll just let me tell it in my own way.

Well, this morning I got up at seven and went to church, like I always do when Dad 's away. When the children were at home, of course, I never could, what with their breakfast and getting them off to school or work later on; and then when Dad 's home I like to bring him his tea in bed and be with him while he reads the papers, and so on. He 's a newspaper traveller, on the circulation staff of the *Daily Post* . . . Oh, but of course, you know that, don't you? I was forgetting . . .

Well, it was one of our little jokes to read the papers together when he was home at the week-end, and, just for fun-like, I used to make out I liked the others better than the *Post*, and sometimes I 'd read out that one of them had ever so much bigger a sale figure than the *Post* had, and he 'd sit up sudden, quite serious, and grab it out of my hand and say: "Where? They can't have pulled ahead like that," and then he 'd see I was having him on, and we 'd have a good laugh together . . .

Oh, dear! I 'm sorry.

Well, this morning, as I was saying, I went to church, like I always do when Dad 's not home, because I like to start the day with a bit of prayer for all of us—what with Kenneth in the Navy and Maureen a nurse and Dad away all the week. Of course, they 're never absent from my thoughts for very long at any time, but in church you somehow feel your prayers get through to your loved ones more, as though they could really hear you . . .

Well, when I came back Mrs. Grinstead was here already. She 'd got the boiler going nicely, but she 'd broken a cup. It was Dad's special cup that he always has his breakfast tea in, and I was very upset about it. It had been cracked a long time, of course, but I can't help feeling she 'd been careless with it, and I had warned her, knowing what store he set by it. He loves his home, Dad does. He 's sometimes said to me: "I come home to a home that is a home—all my own bits and pieces just as I like them, and my own old girl too . . ."

No, thank you. I 'm quite all right really. Just let me go on in my own way.

Well, I spoke to Mrs. Grinstead rather sharp, and then I had my breakfast and read the papers. I keep all the papers for Dad to see at the week-end, and I mark all the bits that interest me special or I think will interest him. He says it helps him in his reports to know what interests the ordinary reader, you see, and I always took pride in being able to take part in his work even ever so little. Because I believe a wife ought to take pride in her hubby's work, as well as seeing he has the kind of home he likes. Then it 's a real partnership. It must be, mustn't it?

Well, I remember I marked a piece about queues and a piece where it said about the war criminals being tried in Germany, and two pieces to add to our serial. That was another of our jokes. While he was away I used to choose something—a murder or a law case or something—and mark all the bits in the papers about it every day so 's he could read it just like a serial when he came home. I 'd got two this week—where a man and woman had been found dead in a car somewhere out Birmingham way, and where the Town Council of some seaside place was having a row about all their empty houses not being occupied. Dad always said that was a scandal. I used to point out that, after all, we had the two empty rooms the children used to have, but he always said that was different, because Kenny or Maureen might need them any time if they came home again, and of course I had to agree.

Well, I marked the papers and cut out the Food Flash—although, really, if one doesn't know how to eke out the sugar ration by now you don't deserve to get any—still, they are helpful mostly, of course—and then I gave the sitting-room a good turn out, because Mrs. Grinstead only just flicks the dust about, and I like the place to look welcoming when Dad gets home. He usually gets home during the afternoon of a Saturday—it varies, but it 's always before dinner-time. I can always count on that, you see, because he knows I get something special for him, and he wouldn't want it to spoil from waiting. That 's why . . .

No, let me go on like I am.

Well, then I went out to the shops, just for the final odds and ends, you know. I went to get Dad's beer, and Miss Walker in the off-licence said something about a giant refreshed, which I thought rather pert, and some chocolate biscuits, and Mr. Burton gave me a bone for Maxie as well as half a leg. I save up the meat ration for when Dad 's home; a big man like that needs good food, and all this starch isn't satisfying, you know.

Well, then I went into Kate's Kettle for a bite of lunch—just a salad and a cup of tea, on account of having dinner in the evening, it being Saturday, of course. I passed a few words with Mrs. Mortlake—that 's the doctor's wife—and, I remember, the young woman who 's been at the Coach and Horses since Easter, I think it must 've been. She said something about Mr. Winter coming home to-day, she supposed. I didn't pursue the subject with her, because she 's not the type of girl I very much care for; not at all the sort for a small town, although they never do stay long, of course.

Well, then I came home and gave Dad's Sunday suit a good brush and his shoes, and saw that there was tobacco in his jar, and all those sort of things, you know. And then I put my feet up for half an hour, because I like to be fresh when he comes back. He always has so much to tell me—how the sales are keeping up and what feature seems to be selling the paper best, and what London office has said, and all that. And then about four I put the kettle on, half-expecting he might be back in time, you know, although quite likely not. He never could be certain to the minute when he 'd be back, you see, travelling about so much, so I didn't worry, but had my tea and read the evening paper when it came. And I remember reading some more about the couple in the car, and how, although the car 'd all been sealed up and they 'd been gassed, the doctor said there were marks on their heads like they 'd been stunned first, and they hadn't any identity-cards, and I thought what a lot of trouble to go to. And there was more about the housewives protesting about the queues again, and the shopkeepers were hitting back at them about it, and a nice breach-of-promise case I was ever so pleased to see, because I always laugh at Dad on account of him liking something a bit what he calls spicy.

Well, time was getting on, and I put the joint in the oven and hoped Dad 'd hurry up. Then I did a little bit of weeding in the garden, keeping one eye on the road for Dad, but I didn't do much, because it makes me too hot now I 'm a bit stout, and I didn't want to look a sight.

Well, it got to seven o'clock and then eight, and the joint was spoiling. I began to get a bit anxious, because it 's not like Dad to be as late as that, and anyway, he could always 'phone Mrs. Parks next door and she 'd bring me the message. Maxie was wanting his walk, so I had to take him just up and down the road, but I didn't go far; not out of sight of the gate, because of looking out for Dad.

Well, finally I went in to Mrs. Parks's, when it was getting on for nine, just to make sure he 'd not left a message and she 'd forgotten. But she 'd not heard a word, and she could see I was worried, so she made me sit down and have a cup of tea with her, but I couldn't fancy it. My ears were too much on the tip for Dad's car driving up.

Well, time went on and went on, and I didn't know what to do. I began to get frantic, and Mrs. Parks rang up the hospital, just in case there 'd been an accident. He 'd never been so late before. He 'd never given me the least cause for anxiety in all our married life. He was the ideal hubby for any woman. I couldn't ask for a better . . .

Oh, dear! Do I have to go on? You know it all from then on. It was nearly one in the morning when this other gentleman here called and told me. That there 'd been an accident I was expecting by now. Dad 'd never have left me not knowing like that. But that it was him, in the car. . . . And that girl, for months. . . . And you saying it 's her husband who did it. . . . And me reading it in the paper like that, and not knowing . . . not knowing at all . . .

THE END.

**All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

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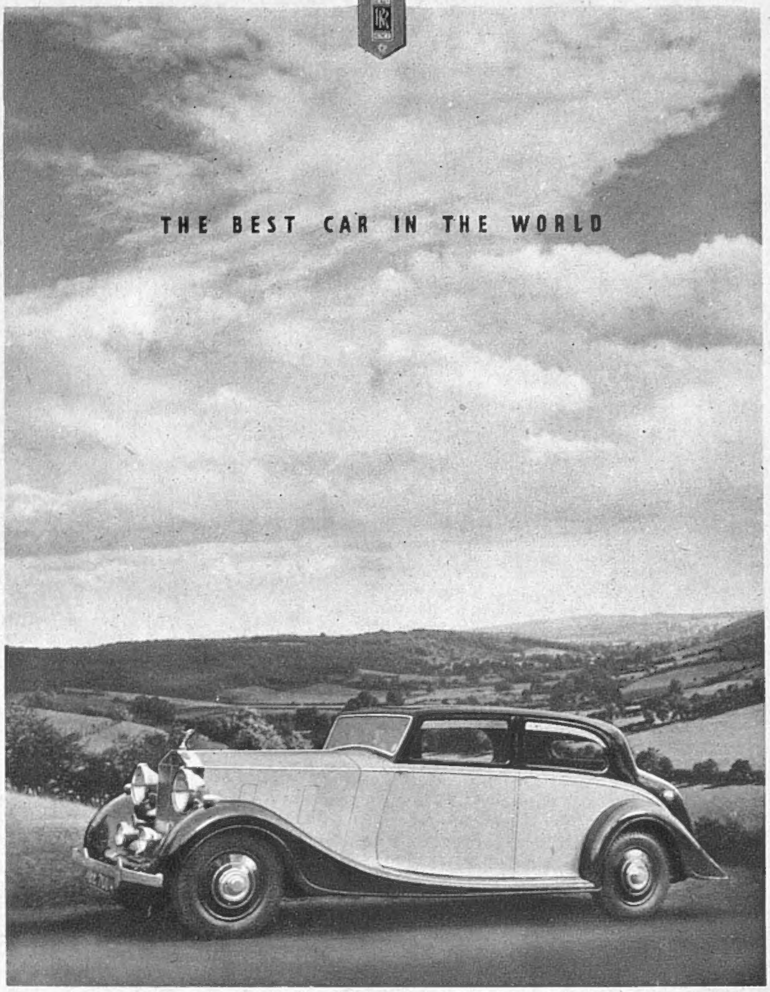

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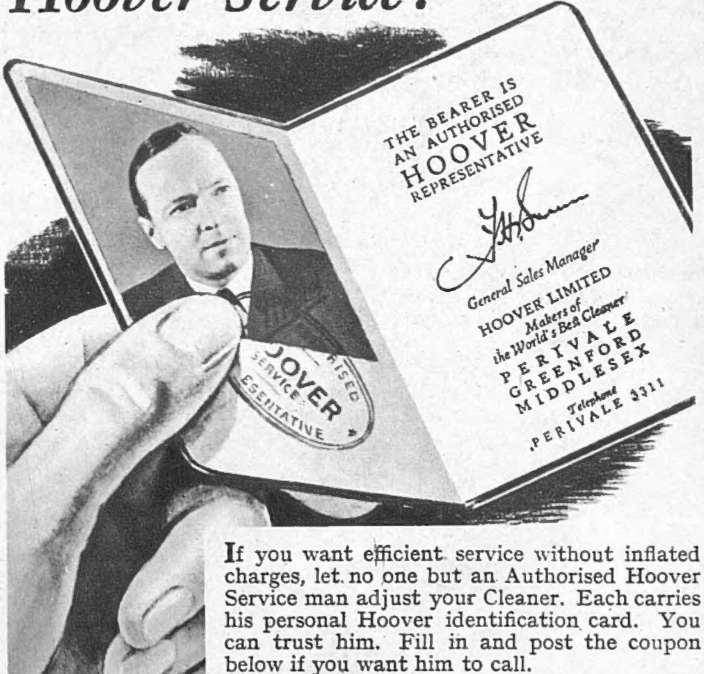

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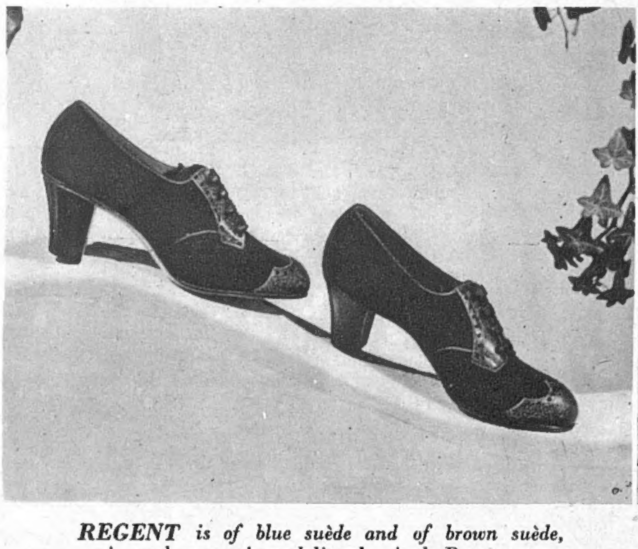

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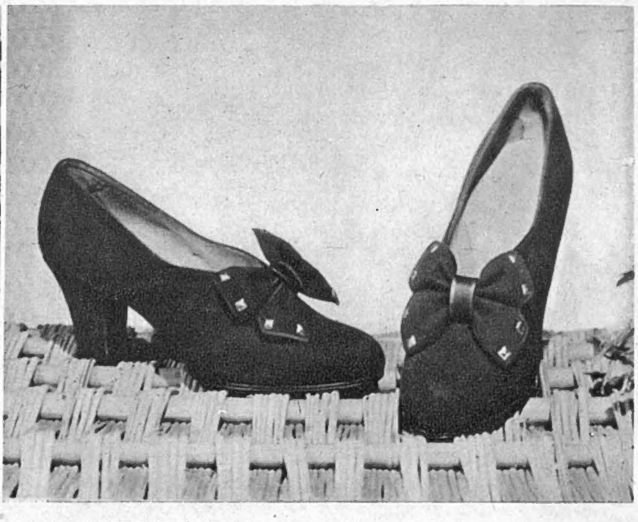

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